

OUR WEALTH WORSHIP

Auctioneer (a few years hence)
—Here we are! How much am I offered for this genuine "Rembrandt?"

Bidder—Two dollars and a half.

Auctioneer—Sold! Now, how much am I offered for this spurious imitation of the same picture? This canvas was formerly owned by Reginald de Bullion, the millionaire.

Another Bidder—Two thousand dollars!—Puck.

Lot's Surprise.

"Well, I declare," said Lot, as he realized that his wife had been turned into a pillar of salt. "That's a strange phenomenon. I always thought the old lady was largely pepper."

Whereupon he dug a salt cellar and laid her gently away therein before moving on.—Harper's Weekly.

Beatrice—Kitty's . . . trousseau will fill seventeen trunks.

Lillian—The poor girl. Jack hasn't money enough to pay overweight charges on more than two—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Ought to Whistle It.

Little Alick—What is an incongruity, uncle?

Uncle William—An incongruity, child, is a divorce lawyer humming a wedding march.—Satire.

—How does your friend

propose to round out the year?"

"I have suggested to him by squaring his accounts."—Baltimore American.

A Striking Woman.

"I see that a noted London suffragette has married a policeman."

"That's strange. I wonder how they happened to meet!"

"It was during one of the earlier riots. She made a deep impression on him."

"How?"

"With a brick."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

President Madero announces the Reyes counter-revolution "nipped in the bud," but he isn't hanging up his nipper in the coal shed, we notice.

—ID REMINDS ME OF A BURGLAR WHO WAS SENTENCED TO LEAD AN HONEST LIFE FOR TEN YEARS, BUT HE ONLY HAD TO SERVE 6½ BECAUSE HE GOT DER REST OFF FOR GOOD BEHAVIOR.
HA-HA-HA!

